

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*Bona.* Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower shortly,  
He weare the willow garland for his sake,

*Queene.* Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aside,  
And I am ready to put armour on.

*War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,  
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.  
There's thy reward, be gone.

*Lewis.* But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance  
I shall haue of thy true loyalty?

*War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,  
If that our *Queene* and this young Prince agree,  
He ioyne mine eldest daughter and my ioy  
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.

*Queene.* With all my hart, that match I like full well,  
Loue her sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,  
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.

*Lewis.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,  
To leuie soldiours for to goe with you.  
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,  
Shall waite them safely to the English coast,  
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,  
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.

*War.* I came from *Edward* as Embassador,  
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:  
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,  
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.  
Had he none else to make a stale but me?  
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.  
I was the cheefe that raisde him to the Crowne,  
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,  
Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,  
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery.

*Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloster, Montague,  
Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiours.*

*Edw.* Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,

*Yerke and Lancaster.*

What thinke you of our marriage with the  
*Cl.* My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and

That are so slacke in iudgement, that they v  
No offence at this sudden marriage.

*Edw.* Suppose they do, they are but *Lew*  
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*.  
And will be obeyed.

*Glo.* And shall, because our King, but ye  
Sudden marriages sildome proueth well.

*Edw.* Yea brother *Richard*, are you againe

*Glo.* Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, t  
Should once gainsay your highnesse pleasur

*Edw.* Setting your skornes and your dis  
Shew me some reasons why the Lady *Grey*,

May not be my Loue, and Englands Queer  
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glocester*,  
*Montague*, and *Hastings*.

*Cl.* My Lord, then this is mine opinion  
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his E  
Doth seeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.

*Glo.* And *Lewis* in regard of his sisters w  
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to supplant you

*Ed.* Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* l  
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

*Mont.* But yet to haue ioynd with Fran  
Alliance, would more haue strengthened t  
Common-wealth, gainst forraine stormes  
Then any home-bred marriage.

*Hast.* Let England be true within it selfe  
We need not *France*, nor any alliance with

*Cl.* For this one speech, Lord *Hasting*  
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lo

*Edw.* And what then? it was our will it  
*Cl.* I, and for such a thing too the Lord

Did well deserue at your hands, to haue th  
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left yo